

THE KITTEN OF WINGENHEIM.

CHAPTER II.

At an unusually late hour one night, two men were walking up and down, each keeping his solitary watch over one part of the embankment. The few words which ever and anon they exchanged when they met, proved with what anxiety they were watching the greatly swollen Rhine, which had risen to an alarming height. The night was very dark; a mantle of heavy black clouds completely covered the sky, concealing from view the cheering light of moon and stars. An ominous stillness pervaded all: not a sound was heard save the wild rushing noise of the tempestuous river, as it dashed with fury against the embankment on which they stood.

Although past midnight, lights were flickering in every cottage window, and all the villagers seemed astir, making hasty preparation within their several homes for the dreaded inundation. In silence they worked, while hope and fear struggled within them for the mastery.

The next time they met, Max asked, in a very serious tone, "Tell me, Edmund, do you really think this embankment strong enough to resist such a flood?"

"It must; it must!" exclaimed Edmund energetically; "and should it fail, then may God have mercy upon us and our village!"

"Well do I remember what a narrow escape we had during the last flood, shortly after the breaking up of the ice; and that was nothing to this. I think we should call out more men with lamps; the night is so frightfully dark."

"No, no, Max; at least not yet; we must not alarm the good folks needlessly. There's no such immediate danger, I think; and we've our ears to trust to, if we can't see."

Once more the two friends separated. A few minutes later, Max came rushing back in haste, exclaiming, "Do you hear that noise, Edmund?"

"What noise? I hear nothing but the roaring of the river."

"Come along here with me a bit. There, don't you hear a noise like the rippling of a brook at the foot of the bank and over the field yonder?"

After listening eagerly for a few minutes Edmund replied, "Not a sound can I hear, except the constant rushing noise of the river; it's all a mistake, Max. You've got nervous, I verily believe, thinking about the wife and children. Come, cheer up, old fellow; it's got like you to be nervous."

"Well whatever you may say, I can scarcely think my ears have deceived me, Edmund. At any rate, I'll go down, and try to find out if there's anything wrong."

After stooping down and listening for a moment, so as to be sure of the direction whence the sounds came, Max began to descend with a trembling heart. In silence he pursued his way, till, with a sudden cry of horror, he screamed aloud, "Edmund, I feel it moving! Lord have mercy upon us! It's breaking; blow the horn!" And away he flew towards the village, uttering loud cries of alarm.

At sound of the danger-signal, the quiet village became the next moment a scene of indescribable confusion and turmoil. The villagers rushed out of their cottages in terror and dismay. The men, according to a preconceived plan, resorted in haste to the appointed rendezvous, where the magistrate of the village impatiently awaited their arrival. No time was wasted in useless words; but at the word of command all marched off at a quick pace, to repair the breach, and thus save the village.

Meanwhile the women were not idle: acting upon instructions received, they entered the stables, and drove all the cattle and horses before them towards the churchyard on the hill.

As the men approached the embankment, a loud, roaring noise saluted their ears. Stepping courageously to the front, the magistrate exclaimed, "Come on, my men! Forward at a run, or we'll be too late!"

They had gone but a few yards further when a small stream of water washed over their feet; still, with undaunted courage, onward they pressed. Louder and louder the noise became, higher and higher the water till at last, in fierce despair, there burst from the lips of many the agonising cry for help: "Lord, have mercy upon us, and preserve us and our little ones!"

Not a man deserted his post, till the magistrate exclaimed, "Ha! there comes the Rhine in full; no human power can repair the breach now made! Back to the

village then, my brave fellows, and save all you can! Lives first, property afterwards, should time permit!"

With lightning speed the men now rushed each in the direction of his own home. The dismal sounds of the alarm-bell rang mournfully through the still, dark night, accompanied by the bleating of sheep, lowing of cattle, with an occasional long, loud roar, as if the poor animals were enraged at being so roughly driven out of their warm, comfortable stalls.

Obedient to the voice of her husband, Mrs. Barthel was driving their cows, calves, sheep and swine away towards the churchyard. While urging them forward as much as possible, the poor woman heard with fear and trembling the ever-increasing noise of the threatening river. Unable to bear any longer the intense anxiety about her children, which was gnawing so fearfully at her heart, she begged a neighbor to take charge of her cattle and then rushed back to her home with incredible speed. As she reached the door, the servant-girl, who had during her mistress's absence, awaked and dressed the children, was just coming out, with a child on each arm.

"Their father's bringing the other two," exclaimed the girl eagerly. "Come with us; do come, Mrs. Barthel; see, we're already wading in water."

"No, no; I can't leave yet; but fly you to the churchyard without a moment's delay, and guard the little ones safely! William and baby must be saved. I'll be after you immediately." So saying she rushed towards the closed door.

A loud crash startled her, as the parlor window fell at her feet; and the next moment her husband, with their firstborn son, stood at her side. Seeing his wife, with a cry of joy, he exclaimed, "Thank God, you're here Minna! Here take our son and fly, while I rescue our little Anna!" And in an instant the father had darted through the window, and rushed to the room where his little one lay. But alas! the water which had already flowed into the cottage effectually closed the door and resisted all his efforts to force it open.

(To be Continued.)

THE RELATION OF SCIENCE TO A COMPLETE EDUCATION.

Several of our readers have expressed a wish for some further portions of Dr. Hovey's Essay on "the Relation of Science to a complete Education."

As our space will not allow of our giving it in full, we have copied some of the more important passages, which we doubt not will be perused with interest by many of our readers:—

It is affirmed that the Physical Sciences deserve the first place in the plan for complete Education, because of their manifold applications to the work of life, because they unite the *utile* with the *dulce*, advantage with pleasure, prospective service with present discipline and satisfaction. Every scholar needs to master them if possible, because they enter so largely into the applications of modern civilization, and the more of this mastery is gained in a course of liberal study the better. There is a *modicum* of sterling sense in this argument. If it be not wholly wise, it has a look of wisdom and challenges our respect. For, on the one hand, it is true that the physical sciences meet us in every form of secular enterprise and at every turn of our way into the future. They pervade the mental and social atmosphere; they dominate business, art, literature, repose; they give a tone to fiction, variety to the daily press, and words of thundering sound to the ambitious sciolist. Men who know the last scientific conjecture are said to be abreast of the advanced thought of the age, but men who are ignorant of that conjecture belong to the past, and may as well be still. To live well and fast one must live in his own time, thinking its thoughts, seeking its ends, honoring its methods; and this our time is through and through scientific. On the other hand, it is also true that, other things being equal, such branches of knowledge should be selected for purposes of education, as will be most useful in the tug and push of actual life; and these branches, it is alleged are the scientific ones; for they are second to none in the discipline and culture which they give to the whole man, while they are of the first importance to modern progress and the interests of modern society.

But I cannot look upon these last statements as correct. It seems to me quite certain that studies in Natural Sciences are not able to furnish the discipline, culture, breadth of view, and just pride of impulse and faculty, which are given by classical studies; and it also appears to me extremely probable, not to say absolutely certain, that suitable training in the latter will lead in the sequel to a better knowledge of the former. More time may indeed be required for learning both, than for learning one; but the increase of knowledge and power will compensate a hundred fold for the cost in time. Perhaps you may think me rash in this assertion, and indifferent to the advantage of an early entrance upon the duties of professional or mercantile life; but if I am indifferent to that advantage, it is simply because I am not anxious to have cultivated men die early. Some begin their life-work with the first streak of dawn; others with the rising of the sun; others at high noon; but too many in this land belong to the first class; they begin too soon, and work too hard, and die before their time.

Far be it for me to oppose the study of nature as hostile to virtue or piety, for "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the earth is full of his riches;" to a mind already religious they are eloquent of supernatural power and wisdom; but the phenomena of matter do not originate in our minds the idea of duty; the laws of motion and force, of vitality and instinct, do not summon the moral faculty into action, nor beget a feeling of obligation.

And looking at the subject from a distance, my first remark is this: Language is the natural organ and means of thought; the process of learning to think well and speak well, is a great part of education; and, therefore, the study of a fine language must contribute directly to the work of education.

It is conceded by all who are competent to testify on this point, that the languages of Greece and Rome, as preserved to us in the writings of their principal men, are peerless. Whatever the topic they treat, their style fits closely to the thought; or rather it is shaped and colored by it. If the latter be rugged so likewise is the former. If the fancy plays and leaps and sparkles and laughs, like a mountain brook, so does the diction also. When the action of the mind is subtle and intricate, so too is the expression; when the former is bold, swift and strong, the latter is instinct with the same qualities.

Xenophon and Demosthenes, Plato and Sophocles, were all masters of style; and the same is true of Cæsar and Cicero, Virgil and Horace. Augustine, too, who was equal to any of these in keenness of insight, depth of reason, and fervor of spirit, and who knew, as none of them did, the infinite love of God to a lost race, found the Latin tongue a wonderful organ for the utterance of Christian truth,—musical, flexible, vigorous, majestic, and no man who has perused, his writings in the original will be satisfied with them translated.

But why may not the languages of modern Europe be substituted for Greek and Latin in the college course? If the only object be linguistic discipline, why may not German take the place of Greek, and French the place of Latin? The answer to this inquiry is threefold. No modern language, not even the German, can be said to equal the Latin or the Greek for purposes of discipline and culture. And this statement, which will be endorsed as correct by nearly all who have made trial of both, ought alone to be conclusive; for the great end of liberal studies is culture, power, manhood. But this is not all. The languages of Greece and Rome pervade the learning of Europe, so that by studying them well one is put *en rapport* with the best thought of modern times. Once, indeed, and for a long period, the Latin tongue was the formal medium of intercourse between scholars throughout the world; to-day it discharges the same office, in another way, along with Greek. And the real presence of the classic element in the literature of Europe makes it easy for a classical scholar to learn almost any language spoken on the continent.

Besides, it must not be forgotten that a large part of our mother-tongue may be traced back to the rich intellectual soil of classic lands. The presence of Greek and Latin in modern literature and speech, is another and decisive reason why they should be made the basis of linguistic training in a course of study. But I cannot pause here, for the shades of Athanasius and Chrysostom, of Augustine and Anselm, followed by a long succession of departed theologians, historians, and poets, rise up before my imagination and admonish me that the work of civilized man during a thousand years is embalmed in the Latin and Greek, making it forever impossible for Christian scholars to ignore their value.

And, then, the New Testament. Can men of letters and of science, men who lay claim to a complete education, afford to study the writings of Paul and of John at second-hand? or consent to catch the words of Jesus from afar by the aid of an interpreter? It may be so, but I am reluctant to believe it. In spite of the oracular tone with which a few scientists and more pantheists reject the authority of Christ, declaring the Light of the world to be an *ignis fatuus*, I see them drawn against their will towards that great Light, I see them flit about it on restless wing with vision dazed, and I say in my heart. The Light will conquer; whatever may be the fate of these moths, the Light will shine forever, and the wise will rejoice in its beams; yea, the intellect of man will come back to Christ and the sons of science will proclaim him Lord. And if so, men of culture and of thought will never consent to omit the Greek language from a course of liberal study.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

"THE ATLANTIC."

A fine literary taste, a strong glowing imagination, and brilliant descriptive powers, together with a highly cultured mind, are elements rarely combined in one individual, and when all these are united in the person of an orator he cannot fail to enchain the attention of the most fastidious audience.

On the evening of the 8th, Acadia Athenæum had the felicity of listening to one of the most pleasing and successful literary efforts that usually falls to the lot of the most favored audience. At an early hour a large and highly literary audience assembled in the Baptist Church to listen to the Hon. William Garvie, whose theme was "The Atlantic." It is needless to say that the gentleman fully sustained his wide wide-spread reputation, both as a literary gentleman and an orator. Coming to us as he did, from the busy cares and imperative demands of political life and associations, none expected that he would feel that ease and freedom, display that complete mastery of a literary and somewhat scientific subject that he evinced.

In the beginning he vividly portrayed the Alps in all their majestic splendor, Mount Blanc and Jura, rearing their towering peaks in solemn grandeur far above all comers, frost bound, enveloped in his mantles of snow, and crowned with their icy diadems bestudded with endless crystals sparkling with infinite beauty and variety in each ray of the sun, which in the twilight of early morn throw around them a golden mantle. Contrasting the thoughts and emotions that arise upon a contemplation of these vast and grand objects of nature when we gaze upon the mighty rolling Atlantic on which frosts and the lightnings that rend the heavens are alike powerless. The physical features of the great ocean were briefly but thoroughly sketched, its network of currents traced in such a manner as not only to be perfectly intelligible, but to excite the admiration of the most careless.

Legends were beautifully interwoven in the discourse, giving it that antique cast so peculiarly attractive to all; for there is a charm about those wild romantic dreams and fancies conjured up by those old historic peoples of yore, who lived in the dusky twilight of the ages. A history of the Atlantic was shown to be the history of civilization. Old historic scenes were referred to—scenes that thrill the heart of every Anglo-Saxon. Deeds of daring performed by those who were rocked into fame by the rolling Atlantic. Its history is a history of the long series of triumphs of the English race and the English tongue. These scenes, these triumphs are handed down to us as precious heirlooms to be guarded by us with jealous care.

A voyage across the Atlantic was sketched; the huge icebergs floating silently southward with awful might and grandeur, rearing their battlements high above the crested wave, were pointed out. The feelings of one returning from abroad depicted, as he approaches the shores of his native land a different air surrounds him, different feelings pervade his soul when yet afar the "aroma of homeland" greets him. And when he gazes upon the ceaseless and mighty roll of old ocean he sees an emblem of the liberty he cherishes in his western home.

These and many other incidents, historic and legendary were referred to, all of which could not fail to be highly interesting, en-

gaging up a host of magic associations, and all draped in the splendid garniture of polished language.

The Athenæum has every reason to congratulate itself, and hopes it will always be able in the future, as in the past, to obtain the services of those whose discourses will be both pleasing and beneficial. Notes were discarded and the lecturer trusted largely to the inspiration of the moment which failed him not.

GORDON.

For the Christian Messenger.

In the *Missionary Magazine* for November, and in the *Messenger* of Dec. 10th, it is stated, that "Dr. Mason, now in his seventy-third year, has been reappointed a Missionary of the Union." The successful old merchant, is not willing to retire from a business yet. He says, "The great body of the Kakhlyens is to be found more than 100 miles above Bahmo, and I shall delight to push up into their midst; but whether it will please God to give me the physical strength is more doubtful." Servant of God, work on; the "well done," awaiteth thee.

But are the Missionaries, and the Ministers only to be "faithful unto death," and "live, not unto themselves, but unto Him who loved them, and gave himself for them?" As a venerated brother suggests, "Why should a layman carry on business for himself, any more than a Minister, preach for himself?"

Ministers are expected to consecrate their best energies of body and of mind, as long as they last, to the work of advancing the cause of the Redeemer. So ought they, and they are not fit to be Ministers, if they would not be willing, yea, anxious to do so.

But how about others? Are they not all "brought with the same price?" Under the same obligation?

Christian lawyers, doctors, merchants, mechanics, farmers, &c., &c. Have they received licenses which the Minister has not? Have they a right to use their time, talents, possessions, or "ability to get wealth," or neglect to use them, at their option?

Would that that "great grace" might return again to our churches, and be "upon us all," when, not only "with great power, ministers should give witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus," but when "men should say, that ought of the things that he possessed, was his own."

For the Christian Messenger.

DR. DAWSON ON SCIENCE.

In the present condition of the thinking world, while crude and fanciful theories are being continually set afloat by aspirants for scientific fame; and the bulwarks of our faith are so often recklessly assailed it is comforting for those who rest upon the Bible to read the words of that christian geologist, Dr. Dawson.

He has through the year been contributing a series of papers on Geology, to the *Leisure Hour* which well repay perusal. His contributions to the December number I consider especially valuable, from which Mr. Editor I send the following extracts:

"Geology as a science is at present in a peculiar and somewhat exceptional state. Under the influence of a few men of commanding genius, belonging to the generation now passing away, it has made so gigantic conquests that its armies have broken up into bands of specialists, little better than scientific banditti, liable to be beaten in detail, and prone to commit outrages on common sense and good taste, which bring their otherwise good cause into disrepute."

And again—"Science cannot long successfully isolate itself from God. Its life lies in the fact that it is the exponent of the plans and works of the Great Creator's Will. It must, in spite of itself, serve His purposes by dispelling, blighting ignorance and superstition by lighting the way to successive triumphs of human skill over the powers of nature, and by guarding men from the evils that flow from infringement of natural laws. And it cannot fail, as it approaches the boundaries of that which may be known by finite minds, to be humbled, by the contemplation of the infinite, and to recognise therein that intelligence of which the human mind is but the image and shadow."

"Already, even in the present chaos of scientific and religious opinion indications can be seen by the observant that the Divine Spirit of order is breathing on the mass, and will evolve from it new and beautiful worlds of mental and spiritual existence."